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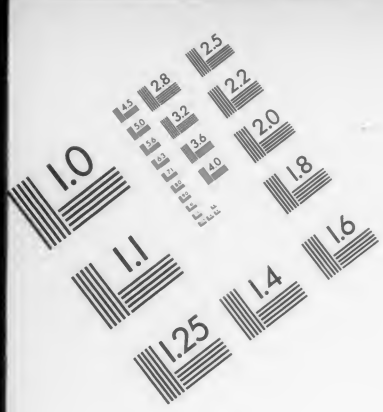

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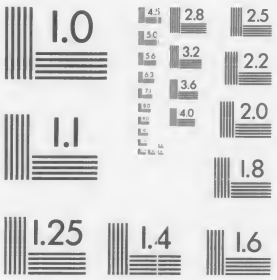

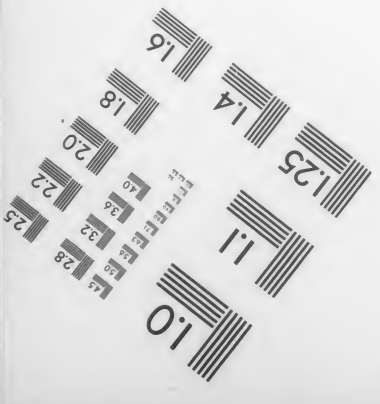

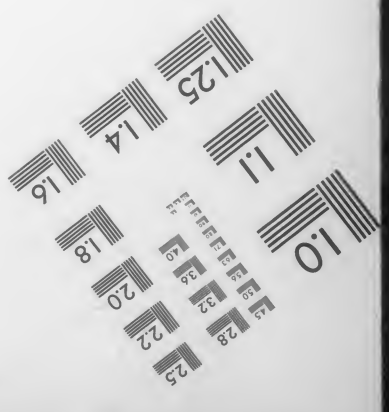

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Aug. 25. 1877.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

LATIN HYMNS

OF THE

MIDDLE AGES.

MDCCCLXXVII:
JAMES KIRK & SONS, PRINTERS,
DOVER, DELAWARE.

245.7
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PREFACE.

The following Latin Hymns, selected from the collection published by Dr. March, of Lafayette College, undoubtedly possess more than ordinary merit. It will be highly gratifying to me if the translations shall adequately convey the meaning of the originals. I cannot hope to have succeeded in transfusing their spirit.

N. B. SMITHERS.

392595

In Resurrectione Domini.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

IN RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.

Pone luctum, Magdalena!
Et serena lacrymas:
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
Non, cur fletum exprimas:
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi:
Halleluia!

Sume risum, Magdalena!
Frons nitescat lucida;
Demigravit omnis pœna,
Lux coruscat fulgida:
Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit!
Halleluia!

Gaude, plaude, Magdalena!
Tumba Christus exiit!
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc árride resurgentem!
Halleluia!

Tolle vultum, Magdalena!
  Redivivum aspice:
Vide, frons quam sit amœna,
  Quinque plagas inspice:
Fulgent, sic ut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ.
  Halleluia!

Vive, vive, Magdalena!
  Tua lux reversa est,
Gaudiis turgescat vena,
  Mortis vis abstersa est;
Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
Læti redeant amores!
  Halleluia!

The Resurrection.

This is a sweet Resurrection Hymn, of which neither the age nor the author is known.

THE RESURRECTION.

Magdalena, grief dispelling,
  Bid thy tears no longer flow,
This is not the leper's dwelling,
  This is not the hour of wo;
Thousand reasons now for joying,
Thousand more for praise employing:
  Halleluia!

Magdalena, sorrow banish,
  Jocund laughter fits the day,
Now the gloomy shadows vanish,
  Now the gladsome sunbeams play;
Christ has come, for man atoning,
Death himself through death dethroning:
  Halleluia!

Magdalena, cease thy mourning,
  Christ has burst the rock-hewn tomb:
Death's Destroyer, see returning,
  Ended now the scene of gloom:
He, who caused thy tears when dying,
Asks not grief but glorifying:
  Halleluia!

Magdalena, vainly pining,
Haste thy risen Lord to greet;
See his brow serenely shining,
See his hands and wounded feet,
Wounds, that once with blood were streaming,
Now like precious rubies gleaming:
Halleluia!

Magdalena, joy for sadness,
Christ, thy light of life is here;
Let thy veins now swell with gladness,
Doom of death no longer fear:
Nevermore from Christ to sever,
Death but gives thee Christ forever:
Halleluia!

De S. Stephano.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

DE S. STEPHANO.

Heri mundus exultavit,
Et exultans celebravit
  Christi natalitia :
Heri chorus angelorum
Prosecutus est cœlorum
  Regem cum lætitia.

Protomartyr et Levita,
Clarus fide, clarus vita,
  Clarus et miraculis,
Sub hac luce triumphavit,
Et triumphans insultavit
  Stephanus incredulis.

Fremunt ergo tanquam feræ,
Quia victi defecere
  Lucis adversarii ;
Falsos testes statuunt,
Et linguas exacuunt
  Viperarum filii.

Agonista, nulli cede;
Certa certus de mercede,
Persevera, Stephane:
Insta falsis testibus,
Confuta sermonibus
Synagogam Satanæ.

Testis tuus est in cœlis,
Testis verax et fidelis,
Testis innocentiæ;
Nomen habes Coronati,
Te tormenta decet pati
Pro corona gloriæ.

Pro corona non marcenti
Perfer brevis vim tormenti,
Te manet victoria;
Tibi fiet mors, natalis,
Tibi pœna terminalis
Dat vitæ primordia.

Plenus Sancto Spiritu
Penetrat intuitu
Stephanus cœlestia,
Videns Dei gloriam
Crescit ad victoriam,
Suspirat ad præmia.

En a dextris Dei stantem
Jesum, pro te dimicantem,
Stephane, considera:
Tibi cœlos reserari,
Tibi Christum revelari
Clama voce libera.

Se commendat Salvatori,
Pro quo dulce ducit mori
Sub ipsis lapidibus:
Saulus servat omnium
Vestes lapidantium,
Lapidans in omnibus.

Ne peccatum statuatur
His, a quibus lapidatur,
Genu ponit et precatur,
Condolens insaniæ:
In Christo sic obdormivit,
Qui Christo sic obedivit,
Et cum Christo semper vivit,
Martyrum primitiæ.

St. Stephen's Martyrdom.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

The Author lived in the 12th century. He is placed by critics very high on the roll of Latin Poets of the Middle Ages. He was a monk of the foundation of St. Victor. The Martyrdom of Stephen is considered by many as his masterpiece.

ST. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

Yesterday, with joy elated,
Earth the advent celebrated
  Of David's Son and Lord:
Yesterday their homage bringing,
Angel choirs, hosannahs singing,
  Their new-crowned King adored.

Lo, to-day, where zealous Stephen,
Full of faith and power from heaven
  And full of holy grace,
Now disputing, now insulting,
Stands triumphing and exulting
  O'er Israel's faithless race.

Round him howling, red eyes flashing,
Ravening wolves their teeth are gnashing
  And thirsting for his blood:
Lying tongues against him setting,
Venomed fangs with malice whetting,
  Behold the viper's brood.

Manful wrestler, nothing bending,
Steadfast for the prize contending,
  Good Stephen, hold thy ground;
Perjured witnesses refuting,
Rage, with reason, still confuting,
  Hell's synagogue confound.

Christ, thy witness, is in heaven,
Witness true and faithful, Stephen,
  Who on thy fight looks down;
Mindful of the name thou bearest,
Bravely show thou nothing fearest,
  Thus striving for thy crown.

Fadeless crown of bliss securing,
Little while the pain enduring,
  Victory ends thy strife;
Glory, transient grief is bringing,
Dawn of day through death is springing,
  The dawn of endless life.

Holy Spirit, him imbuing,
Heavenly vision him enduing,
  He penetrates the skies;
God's supernal glory viewing,
Strength for victory renewing,
  He pants to win the prize.

Lo! at God's right hand contending,
Jesus stands, his aid extending,
  There, Stephen, fix thine eye;
See the heavens are unsealing,
Christ, himself to thee revealing,
  Attends thy dying cry.

Loudly to his Savior crying,
Gladly Christ thus glorifying,
  He calmly yields his breath;
While his foes the stones are heaping,
Zealot Saul their clothes is keeping,
  Consenting to his death.

Humbly kneeling, naught gainsaying,
Naught against his slayers laying,
Meekly to his Father praying
  Their crime to disregard,
Thus in Christ he sweetly sleepeth,
Who the law of Christ thus keepeth,
And, to Christ thus faithful, reapeth
  The martyr's first reward.

In Dedicatione Ecclesiæ.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

IN DEDICATIONE ECCLESIÆ.

Quam dilecta tabernacla
Domini et atria!
Quam electi architecti,
Tuta ædificia,
Quæ non movent, immo fovent,
Ventus, flumen, pluvia!

Quam decora fundamenta,
Per concinna sacramenta
Umbræ præcurrentia;
Latus Adæ dormientis
Evam fudit in manentis
Copulæ primordia.

Arca ligno fabricata
Noe servat, gubernata
Per mundi diluvium;
Prole sera tandem fœta,
Anus Sara ridet læta,
Nostrum lactans Gaudium.

Servus bibit qui legatur,
Et camelus adaquatur
Ex Rebeccæ hydria;
Hæc inaures et armillas
Aptat sibi, ut per illas
Viro fiat congrua.

Synagoga supplantatur
A Jacob, dum divagatur
Nimis freta literæ;
Lippam Liam latent multa,
Quibus videns Rachel fulta
Pari nubit fœdere.

In bivio tegens nuda,
Geminos parit ex Iuda
Thamar diu vidua:
Hic Moyses a puella,
Dum se lavat, in fiscella
Reperitur scirpea.

Hic mas agnus immolatur,
Quo Israel satiatur
Tinctus ejus sanguine;
Hic transitur rubens unda,
Ægyptios sub profunda
Obruens voragine.

Hic est urna manna plena,
Hic mandata legis dena,
Sed in arca fœderis;
Hic sunt ædis ornamenta,
Hic Aaron indumenta,
Quæ præcedit poderis.

Hic Urias viduatur,
Barsabee sublimatur,
Sedis consors regiæ:
Hæc Regi varietate
Vestis astat deauratæ,
Sicut regum filiæ.

Huc venit Austri regina,
Salomonis quam divina
Condit sapientia;
Hæc est nigra, sed formosa,
Myrrhæ et turis fumosa
Virga pigmentaria.

Hæc futura, quæ figura
Obumbravit, reseravit
Nobis dies gratiæ;
Jam in lecto cum dilecto
Quiescamus, et psallamus,
Adsunt enim nuptiæ.

Quarum tonat initium
In tubis epulantium,
Et finis per psalterium;
Sponsum millena millia
Una laudant melodia,
Sine fine dicentia,
Alleluia. Amen.

The Dedication of a Church.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

This Hymn, by the same author as the preceding, is a recital of some of the facts narrated in the Old Testament and an application of them as types of the Gospel dispensation. Though in some respects their representative character may seem fanciful, yet, for the most part, they are strikingly appropriate and the conceptions exceedingly beautiful.

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

How lovely are thy temples, Lord,
Thy mansions how secure,
Whose strong abutments, firmly laid
By builders skilled and sure,
Assailed in vain, by wind and rain,
Still harden and endure.

Precious stones of their foundation,
Through the shadowy dispensation,
In symbols are supplied;
Adam's side, in sleep, is broken,
Yielding Eve, the beauteous token
Of Christ's celestial Bride.

Safely in the ark abiding,
Noah sees the waves subsiding,
That all beside destroy;
Then with age old Sarah stricken,
Feels her dead conception quicken,
And laughs to nurse our Joy.

From her pitcher, Nahor's daughter
Gives the thirsty servant water
And for his camels cares;
Bridal gifts, Rebecca wearing,
Bracelets rare and golden ear-ring,
To please her lord prepares.

Jacob takes his father's blessing,
Erring Esau dispossessing,
Unto the spirit blind;
Weak-eyed Leah, naught regarded,
Rachel sees her faith rewarded,
In equal wedlock joined.

By the highway, closely veiling,
Tamar sits, her face concealing
And twins to Judah bears;
In the ark of rushes lying
Egypt's princess Moses spying
Compassionates his tears.

Here the paschal lamb is bleeding,
On whose flesh all Israel feeding,
Their lintels stain with blood;
Here the Red Sea, backward massing
Holds its waves, for Moses passing,
Then Pharoah whelms in flood.

Here the manna, God's protection,
Ten commandments, God's direction,
The Ark of Witness bears;
Here the vessels dedicated,
Priestly garments consecrated,
But chief, what Aaron wears.

Here Uriah goes to slaughter,
While, arrayed like prince's daughter
In garb of Tyrian dye
Clasped with golden bands of Ophir,
Close beside her royal lover,
Stands Bathsheba on high.

Sheba's Queen, whom rumor reaching,
Comes with gifts, the wondrous teaching
Of David's Son to hear,
Black, but comely, is her favor,
Pillared smoke, her gait and savor,
Perfumed with burning myrrh.

Unfulfilled in shadow lying,
What each presage signifying,
To us, by grace, is clear,
Now upon his bosom resting,
Lauding Christ, himself attesting
The marriage day is here.

In Judah's courts the trump has ceased,
No more is sacrifice or priest,
Now harps begin the Gospel feast;
The Bridegroom hailing, hymns of praise
Ten thousand thousand voices raise,
And ceaseless chant through endless days,
Halleluia. Amen.

Vanitas Mundi.

BERNARDUS CLARAVALLENSIS.

VANITAS MUNDI.

Quum sit omnis homo fœnum,
Et post fœnum fiat cœnum,
  Ut quid, homo, extolleris?
Cerne quid es et quid eris:
Modo flos es, et verteris
  In favillam cineris.

Per ætatum incrementa,
Immo magis detrimenta,
  Ad non-esse traheris;
Velut umbra, quum declinat,
Vita surgit et festinat,
  Claudit meta funeris.

Homo dictus es ab humo;
Cito transis, quia fumo
  Similis efficeris;
Nunquam in eodem statu
Permanes, dum sub rotatu
Huius vitæ volveris.

O sors gravis, o sors dura,
O lex dira, quam natura
  Promulgavit miseris!
Homo nascens cum mœrore
Vitam ducis cum labore
  Et cum metu moreris.

Ergo si scis qualitatem
Tuæ sortis, voluptatem
  Carnis quare sequeris?
Memento, te moriturum
Et post mortem id messurum,
  Quod hic seminaveris.

Terram teris, terram geris,
Et in terram reverteris,
  Qui de terra sumeris;
Cerne quid es et quid eris:
Modo flos es, et verteris
  In favillam cineris.

The Vanity of the World.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

St. Bernard, the author of this Hymn, was born in 1091, near Dijon, in Burgundy. He was the first Abbot of Clairvaux. He possessed great personal influence, and, after his death, which occurred in 1153, was canonized. Of him Luther says: "If there ever has been a pious monk who feared God, it "was St. Bernard, whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all other "monks and priests throughout the globe."

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A little while like grass to flourish,
Then mown, like grass, vile worms to nourish,
  Wherein hath flesh to trust?
Be wise, O man, thy state discerning,
A flower now and quickly turning
  Into thy native dust.

Through increase, length of days attaining,
But loss with every gain sustaining,
  To nothing thou art worn;
Thy life, a shadow swiftly flying,
Thy winged hours in speed are vying,
  To reach the final bourn.

From humus sprung, thy name denoting,
And like the misty vapors floating
  Their changeful shapes reveal,
Thus down the course of time thou glidest,
Nor ever in one stay abidest
  On life's revolving wheel.

O dire decree of fateful nature
That here compels each wretched creature,
  Relentless and severe!
For man, whose life begins in sorrow,
To weary day adds toiling morrow,
  And dies in abject fear.

If such, O man, is thy condition,
Why cherish schemes of bad ambition
  Or hold the flesh so dear?
That thou must die remember rather,
And, after death, wilt surely gather
  What seed thou sowest here.

Now tilling earth, on earth attending,
And soon, with earth, thy substance blending,
  From which thou hadst thy birth,
Be wise, O man, thy state discerning,
A flower now, and quickly turning
  Into the dust of earth.

Contemptio Vanitatis Mundi.

BERNARDUS CLARAVALLENSIS.

CONTEMPTIO VANITATIS MUNDI.

O miranda vanitas!
O divitiarum
Amor lamentabilis!
O virus amarum!
Cur tot viros inficis
Faciendo carum
Quod pertransit citius
Quam flamma stupparum.

Homo miser, cogita:
Mors omnes compescit,
Quis est ab initio
Qui morti non cessit?
Quando moriturus est,
Omnis homo nescit,
Hic, qui vivit hodie,
Cras forte putrescit.

Dum de morte cogito,
Contristor et ploro,
Verum est, quod moriar
Et tempus ignoro.
Ultimum, quod nescio
Cui jungar choro;
Et cum sanctis merear
Jungi, Deum oro!

Contempt of Worldly Vanity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

This Hymn is also by St. Bernard, and may be considered a companion to the one preceding.

CONTEMPT OF WORLDLY VANITY.

What emptiness of vanity
So many hearts bewitches?
O sorrowful insanity!
The cursed lust of riches.
How strange that man, with eager haste,
Will welcome toil and trouble,
To gather that which melts as fast
As fire consumeth stubble.

Put on, my friend, a sober mind,
And judge thy interest better,
To Death, reflect that human-kind
Is universal debtor;
That naught avails thy dear-loved wealth
When at thy door he calleth,
And who, to-day, stands full of health
Perhaps to-morrow falleth.

When on this end I meditate
My heart grows sore with sighing,
Not that I dread the common fate
So far as death is dying,
But that which gives me more concern
Is that which comes thereafter,
With saints to praise or devils burn
Throughout the long Hereafter.

Dies Judicii.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

DIES JUDICII.

Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini,
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos occupans.

Brevis totus tum parebit prisci luxus sæculi,
Totum simul cum clarebit præterisse sæculum.

Clangor tubæ per quaternas terræ plagas concinens,
Vivos una mortuosque Christo ciet obviam.

De cœlesti Judex arce, majestate fulgidus,
Claris angelorum choris comitatus aderit.

Erubescet orbis lunæ, sol et obscurabitur,
Stellæ cadent pallescentes, mundi tremet ambitus.

Flamma ignis anteibit justi vultum Judicis,
Cœlos, terras et profundi fluctus ponti devorans.

Gloriosus in sublimi Rex sedebit solio,
Angelorum tremebunda circumstabunt agmina.

Hujus omnes ad electi colligentur dexteram,
Pravi pavent a sinistris, hædi velut fœtidi.

Ite, dicet Rex ad dextros, regnum cœli sumite,
Pater vobis quod paravit ante omne sæculum.

Karitate qui fraterna me juvistis pauperem,
Caritatis nunc mercedem reportate divites.

Læti dicent: Quando, Christe, pauperem te vidimus,
Te, Rex magne, vel egentem miserati juvimus?

Magnus illis dicet Judex: cum juvistis pauperes,
Panem, domum, vestem dantes, me juvistis humiles.

Nec tardabit et sinistris loqui justus Arbiter:
In Gehennæ, maledicti, flammas hinc discedite!

Obsecrantem me audire despexistis mendicum,,
Nudo vestem non dedistis, neglexistis languidum.

Peccatores dicent: Christe, quando te vel pauperem,
Te, Rex magne, vel infirmum contemnentes sprevimus?

Quibus contra Judex altus: Mendicanti quamdiu
Opem ferre despexistis, me sprevistis improbi.

Retro ruent tum injusti ignes in perpetuos,
Vermis quorum non morietur, flamma nec restinguitur.

Satan atro cum ministris quo tenetur carcere,
Fletus ubi mugitusque, strident omnes dentibus.

Tunc fideles ad cœlestem sustollentur patriam,
Choros inter angelorum regni petent gaudia.

Urbis summæ Hierusalem introibunt gloriam,
Vera lucis atque pacis in qua fulget visio,

XPM regem jam paterna claritate splendidum
Ubi celsa beatorum contemplantur agmina.

Ydri fraudes ergo cave, infirmantes subleva,
Aurum temne, fuge luxus, si vis astra petere.

Zona clara castitatis lumbos nunc præcingere,
In occursum magni Regis fer ardentes lampades.

The Day of Judgment.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Author of this Hymn is unknown. It is at least as old as the seventh century. Its allusions, and much of its phraseology, are drawn directly from the Sacred Scriptures. It has been ranked with the Dies Iræ. As will be perceived it is an abecedary, the stanzas proceeding in alphabetical order. In this respect the translation is an imitation.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

As, unwatched, the midnight thief doth break the good-man's hoard,
So, when we least expect, will haste the great day of the Lord.

Briefly, lust will walk abroad, as in the time before,
And then the sign will manifest that time shall be no more.

Clearly ringing through the earth, and equal near or far,
The trump will cite both quick and dead before the judgment bar.

Decked in gorgeous majesty, the Judge from heaven will come,
With holy angels compassed round, to pass the final doom.

Ebon-black the sun will turn, the moon in blood be whirled,
And paling stars, like hail, will fall, to smite the reeling world.

Fiery streams of vengeful wrath, before his face shall leap,
Whose flame the earth and sky will melt and dry the nether deep.

Glorious in his might, the King his throne will then ascend,
And, filled with awe, the heavenly ranks, in silent homage, bend.

His elect will, on the right, be set at his command,
While, on the left, like filthy goats, the trembling sinners stand.

Instant, then the King will say: "Ye blessed come and heir
The kingdom which, at first, for you, my Father did prepare.

"Kindly, ye my poor estate, as brethren, did regard,
And, now, for this sweet charity, receive a rich reward."

Listening, they will gladly ask, "O Christ, when saw we thee
In sickness, or did bring relief unto thy penury?"

Mildly, thus will he reply, "To whom of low degree
Ye shelter, food or raiment gave, ye did it unto me."

Nothing slow, against the left, will turn his righteous ire:
"Depart, ye cursed, into realms of everlasting fire.

"Often have ye spurned my prayer, when hungry I did plead,
No drink ye gave to quench my thirst, nor clothing to my need."

Piteous then will sinners cry: "O Christ, when did we see
Thy hunger, thirst, or nakedness, nor ministered to thee?"

Quickly back will answer come, "So oft was I oppressed
As ye have failed to help the poor or succor the distressed."

Rushing down, the guilty crowd will plunge, through fiery storm,
Amid the lake of living flame, where gnaws the deathless worm.

Satan here, securely bound, and rebel angels dwell,
Mid tears and groans and gnashing teeth—their prison house of hell.

Then the faithful, upward borne, will seek the realms
on high,
While "welcome home" the welkin rings, with music
of the sky.

Unto them will be prepared Jerusalem above,
Whose only sun, the Source of Light, whose perfect
law is love,

Where, redeemed, the saints will praise the Christ who
still sustains,
And, clothed in all the brightness of his Father's glory,
reigns.

Yearning for this blissful land, the Serpent's guile be-
ware,
Despising wealth, avoiding lust, each other's burdens
bear.

Zone of grace, your loins to gird, let chastity afford,
And watchful wait, with burning lamps, the coming of
the Lord.

Sequentia de Passione B. Virginis.

JACOPONUS.

SEQUENTIA DE PASSIONE B. VIRGINIS.

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
  Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
  Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
  Mater unigeniti,
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
  Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
  In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
  Dolentem cum filio!

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
  Et flagellis subditum ;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
  Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja mater, fons amoris !
Me sentire vim doloris
  Fac, ut tecum lugeam ;
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
  Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
  Cordi meo valide ;
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
  Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
  Donec ego vixero ;
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
  In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
  Fac me tecum plangere ;
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem
  Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
  Et cruore filii ;
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
  In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
  Confoveri gratia ;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animæ donetur
  Paradisi gloria.

The Mother at the Cross.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

The authorship of this beautiful hymn is a subject of dispute. It seems to be agreed that, if not composed, it was remodeled and added to by Jacopone, a Franciscan monk, who lived in the thirteenth century, and having been born in Todi, in Umbria, is thence called Jacopone da Todi. The hymn is the most pathetic of the compositions of the middle ages.

THE MOTHER AT THE CROSS.

Sorely weeping, all unfriended,
Stood the Mother, where suspended,
  Hung upon the cross her Son,
Through her spirit, sympathizing,
Moaning, groaning, agonizing,
  Pangs, like trenchant blades, did run.

O how sad and sorrow laden,
Stood that ever-blessed maiden,
  Mother of God's only One,
Woful stood, with bosom heaving,
Quaking, grieving, while perceiving
  How they racked her glorious Son.

Lives there man, with eye so tearless,
Woe like hers to see, yet careless
  Human sympathy to own?
Who could stand, his tears witholding,
Such a Mother's grief beholding,
  Suffering with her stricken Son!

For his people's sins convicted,
Christ she saw with stripes afflicted,
  Crowned with thorns and doomed to death;
Jesus saw, to torture taken,
Dying, lonely and forsaken
  While he gave his parting breath.

Gracious Mother, fount of blessing,
All thy woe my soul oppressing,
  Grant that I with thee may grieve;
Let my heart be so appointed,
Warmed with love for God Anointed,
  That I may his grace receive.

Holy Mother, this prayer granting,
Deeply in my heart implanting
  Thorns that pierced thy Crucified,
Who for me to suffer deigning,
Cruel wounds for me sustaining,
  All his pains with me divide.

Grant that with thee truly weeping,
With thy Son sad vigil keeping,
  I may live and thus expire;
Near the cross with thee to tarry,
Equal load of grief to carry,
  Grant to be my chief desire.

Virgin, over all exalted,
Pardon what I have defaulted,
  Grant my tears with thine to well;
Death of Christ about me bearing,
In his passion ever sharing,
  Grant me on his stripes to dwell.

With his blood may I be sated,
By his cross exhilarated,
  On my flesh his scourges lay;
Thus my heart inflamed and tender,
Virgin, be my sure defender
  Through the fearful Judgment-day.

By his cross may I be guarded,
By his death from evil warded,
  Ever may his grace suffice;
When my earthly course is ended,
Grant my soul, by thee befriended,
  Endless bliss of Paradise.

De Corpore Christi.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

DE CORPORE CHRISTI.

O esca viatorum !
O panis angelorum !
O manna cœlitum !
Esurientes ciba,
Dulcedine non priva
Corda quærentium.

O lympha, fons amoris !
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis ;
Te sitientes pota !
Hæc sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis !

O Jesu, tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie,
Fac, ut, remoto velo,
Aperta nos in cœlo
Cernamus acie !

The Body of Christ.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

Thomas Aquinas, the author of this hymn, was born at Aquino, in Italy, about 1225. He was a Dominican and the most celebrated monk of that order. One of the ablest men of his age, he exercised a wonderful influence over all Europe. He died in 1274.

THE BODY OF CHRIST.

O Flesh, that men wayfaring need!
O Bread, on which the angels feed!
  O Manna, saints' delight!
Each hungry soul give full supply,
Thy sweetness to no heart deny
  That seeks thy grace aright.

O Water, fount of love sincere!
That issued, when the soldier's spear
  Did pierce the Savior's side,
To all who thirst, thy freshness grant,
Naught else our craving spirits want,
  Nor else are satisfied.

O Jesus, whose real presence here,
Thy faithful worshippers revere,
  In seeming bread concealed,
Be pleased, that soon, beyond the sky,
The veil removed, we, eye to eye,
  May see thy face revealed.

De S. Joanne Evangelista.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

DE S. JOANNE EVANGELISTA.

Verbum Dei, Deo natum,
Quod nec factum, nec creatum,
  Venit de cœlestibus,
Hoc vidit, hoc attrectavit,
Hoc de cœlo reseravit
  Joannes hominibus.

Inter illos primitivos
Veros veri fontis rivos
  Joannes exsiliit;
Toti mundo propinare
Nectar illud salutare,
  Quod de throno prodiit.

Cœlum transit, veri rotam
Solis vidit, ibi totam
  Mentis figens aciem;
Speculator spiritalis
Quasi Seraphim sub alis
  Dei vidit faciem.

Audiit in gyro sedis
Quid psallant cum citharœdis
  Quater seni proceres;
De sigillo Trinitatis
Nostræ nummo civitatis
  Impressit characteres.

Volat avis sine meta
Quo nec vates nec propheta
  Evolavit altius;
Tam implenda, quam impleta,
Nunquam vidit tot secreta
  Purus homo purius.

Sponsus rubra veste tectus,
Visus, sed non intellectus,
  Redit ad palatium:
Aquilam Ezechielis
Sponsæ misit, quæ de cœlis
  Referret mysterium.

Dic, dilecte, de Dilecto,
Qualis sit et ex Dilecto
  Sponsus sponsæ nuncia:
Dic quis cibus angelorum,
Quæ sint festa superorum
  De sponsi præsentia.

Veri panem intellectus,
Cœnam Christi super pectus
  Christi sumptam resera:
Ut cantemus de Patrono,
Coram Agno, coram throno,
  Laudes super æthera.

St. John, the Evangelist.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Of this hymn the author is unknown. It is written in the style and apparently on the model of Adam of St. Victor, and, although not belonging to him, is in nowise inferior either in dignity or beauty.

ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

Word of God—Word uncreated,
Word not made, but generated
  Before Æons began:
Certified by sight and feeling,
John, from heaven, came revealing
  This blessed Word to man.

From the Fount of Life outbursting,
John, when olden ages thirsting,
  At stagnant pools were prone,
Brought to every tribe and nation
Living waters of salvation
  That issued from the Throne.

Past the bound of Æther straying,
Very Orb of Light surveying
  With steady gaze he stood;
There, the Spirit vision lending,
Seraphs' wings above him bending,
  He saw the face of God.

Where, the crystal throne surrounding,
Elders' harps their lauds were sounding,
He caught the strains divine;
Praise, to doctrine taught expression,
With the "Three in One" impression,
He stamped the Christian coin.

Through the empyrean soaring,
Heavenly mysteries exploring,
He passed Isaiah's flight;
Watched the Cycles slowly wheeling,
Secret things of time revealing,
Unkenned by mortal sight.

Seen, but nothing comprehended,
Clothed in crimson garb, ascended
The Bridegroom whence he came,
Eagle of Ezekiel's vision
Sending forth, with new commission,
His nuptials to proclaim.

Loved one, show the Bride her Lover,
Messenger of God, discover
The mystic marriage-tie;
Say, what food are angels sharing,
Say, what feasts are saints preparing,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh.

Bread of Truth, in truth divining,
Taking Christ, on Christ reclining,
The sense to us supply;
Teach us how to praise Creator,
Blessed Lamb and Mediator
Before the throne on high.

Dies Iræ.

THOMAS A CELANO.

DIES IRÆ.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis!

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

Pie Jesu domine,
Dona eos requie!
Amen.

The Day of Wrath.

THOMAS OF CELANO.

Of this world-renowned hymn the authorship is disputed. It is commonly ascribed to Thomas, a monk of the Franciscan order, who is called "a Celano" from a small town in Italy. It is universally agreed to be the grandest of all the productions of the Middle Ages.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

The day of wrath, that day of woe,
When earth with fervent heat shall glow,
Both David and the Sybil show.

What terror will that day inspire,
When Christ shall come in flaming fire
Of all things strictly to inquire!

The pealing trump, whose blaring sound
Echoes through Earth's funeral ground,
Summons all His throne around.

Pale Nature sees, with dumb surprise,
From yawning graves her dead arise,
To answer at that dread assise.

In shuddering silence all behold
The Book of Doom, whose records hold
The judgments of the world enrolled.

The Judge appears—the Book unsealed
Each hidden thing shows unconcealed,
Naught unavenged—naught unrevealed.

O'erwhelmed with guilt, how shall I plead,
What advocate may intercede,
When e'en the righteous mercy need?

Great King of awful majesty,
Whose grace saves those that saved shall be,
Then, Fount of Pity, then save me.

Remember, Lord, the wandering stray
That caused thy toilsome, tiresome way,
Nor lose me in that dreadful day.

For me thy weary feet have sought,
Thy blood-stained cross redemption brought,
Let not such suffering count for naught.

Avenging Judge, ask not defence,
In mercy cancel mine offence
Before the day of recompense.

Convicted now, the groaning prayer
And crimsoned cheeks my guilt declare,
O God, thy humble suppliant spare.

Thou, Lord, who Mary didst forgive,
And badst the thief repentant live,
To me the hope of grace dost give.

Though justly thou my prayer wouldst spurn,
On me thy gracious favor turn
Nor let my soul forever burn.

Within thy fold may I abide,
Good Shepherd, keep me by thy side
When from the goats, thy sheep divide.

And when in fires of wrath divine,
The outcast spirits deathless pine,
Thy blessed heritage be mine.

To thee, who Judge and Witness art,
I humbly pray with contrite heart,
"Be nigh when flesh and spirit part."

Day of weeping, day of mourning,
Guilty man, from dust returning,
Waits the fearful retribution:
Grant, O God, thine absolution.

Gracious Master, holy Jesus,
In thy blissful rest receive us.
Amen.

The Voice of Free Grace.

THORSBY.

Vox Gratiæ.

This hymn of Thorsby is so well known as to render the insertion of the English version unnecessary.

VOX GRATIÆ.

Inclamat vox gratiæ, Confugite montem,
Nunc perditis Christus aperuit fontem,
A sorde lavare vel quovis indigno
Salutis it sanguis in cursu benigno ;
  Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
  Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

In altis nunc Deo sit gloria data,
Nunc gloria Deo de cœlo relata,
Et famam narremus jucundam per gentes,
Amorem, laudemque salutem canentes ;
  Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
  Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

Perequita, Christe, qui regnas in luce,
Peccatum vincemus et mortem, te duce,
In cœtu te sancti gaudebunt mirari,
Et grates persolvent quòd habent salvari ;
  Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
  Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

Cùm statur in Sion, beatis et oris,
Tum, citharis Agno laudato canoris,
Per agros felices juvabit errare
Et omne per ævum salutem cantare ;
  Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
  Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

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